







## Owingsville Outlook.

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OWINGSVILLE, KY.

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THURSDAY, NOV. 5, 1896.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

#### For Circuit Judge.

Judge B. F. Day, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Circuit Judge in the Twenty-first Judicial district, composed of the counties of Bath, Menifee, Montgomery and Rowan.

M. S. Tyler, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Circuit Judge in the Twenty-first Judicial district, composed of the counties of Bath, Menifee, Montgomery and Rowan.

Charles W. Nesbitt is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Circuit Judge in the Twenty-first Judicial district, composed of the counties of Bath, Menifee, Montgomery and Rowan.

#### For County Judge.

Wm. F. Ramsey is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Judge of Bath County, Election in November, 1897.

#### For Sheriff.

George T. Young, of Owingsville, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Bath County, Election, November, 1897.

John Jackson, of Preston, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Jailor of Bath County, Election, November, 1897.

Cabe S. Ratliff, of Bald Eagle, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Jailor of Bath County, Election, November, 1897.

Public School Superintendent. W. Jasper Lacy, of near Owingsville, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Bath Co. Superintendent of Public Schools, Election, November, 1897.

Notice.—Obituaries, memorials, etc., not exceeding 80 words, inserted free; all charged for each additional eighty words.

Correspondents will please remember to always mail their items so that they will reach us on Monday. This matter is seriously important to us.

Did we tell you so or did you tell us so?

The newspapers can now give foot-ball fits.

The election is over, but there are still hog-killing, Thanksgiving day and Christmas to look forward to in the early future.

The body servants of Jefferson Davis are commencing to die. They will continue to die for at least a century yet. About all of the George Washington crop have been harvested.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### Olympia.

James B. McKim, went to Powell Co. to visit Saturday.

W. had four ashes here Saturday, and everything went off nicely. The boys did not like Mr. Goodpastor's speech. We think Mr. G. is a good Democrat.

#### Forge Hill.

Mrs. Will Atchison, of Wyoming, visited at W. W. Williams' Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Wright, who has been in delicate health for some time, is improving.

A large crowd went from here to the speaking at Grango City Saturday evening.

W. W. Williams and daughters, Misses Amanda and Lida, went to Flemingsburg Saturday.

A. J. Rogers and family, of Plummer's Landing, visited the family of G. W. Rice last week.

#### Hillsboro.

Miss Lettie Sutton, of Flemingsburg, is visiting relatives here.

Dr. J. P. Hendrick preached at the M. E. Church Sunday night.

Ben Hopper and Miss Virgie McMillan visited the latter's sister in Carlisle Sunday.

Mrs. Dr. R. E. Winter and Miss Vira Denton visited their former pastor, Rev. C. E. Boswell, and family, at Morehead last week.

Bruce Harmon and wife gave a nice social at their home near town Thursday evening. The guests to the number of about 40 enjoyed themselves sumptuously.

#### Bethel.

Bro. Chandler, assisted by Bro. Onicy, of Carlisle, will begin a protracted meeting at the Methodist Church Nov. 9th.

Quite a crowd of young people assembled at Mrs. Amanda Lancaster's, on Wilson avenue, Friday night; all report a good time.

A number of our citizens went to Sharpburg Saturday night to hear Miss Ingels speak; a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen present; speech was highly appreciated by all.

Verones.—Miss Mollie Greer, of Cincinnati, is spending a few weeks at her brother W. P. Greer's. Mrs. Tom Pickrell, of Carlisle, is visiting her brother, Dr. J. W. Naresse, of Hillsboro, and nephew, Master Harry Rawlins, of Hillsboro, are at D. S. Trumbo's; also Mrs. J. M. Brown and son Paul, of Sharpburg.

### Sherburne.

Born, Oct. 29th, to S. J. Daugherty and wife, a son.

T. J. Daugherty and Wood Graham attended the speaking at Sharpburg Saturday night.

Charles Wilson and wife were the guests of relatives and friends in the vicinity of Wyoming last week.

At the Republican rally here on Monday night of last week, Brit Dillon and Stephen Terhune became involved in a difficulty, in which Dillon received a very dangerous stab in the back.

### Preston.

Randolph Nixon is on the sick list.

S. H. Johnson was in Mt. Sterling Friday.

R. T. Myers visited friends at Sharpburg Saturday and Sunday.

Pat Piersall and Tom Young, of White Sulphur, were here Sunday.

Mrs. Cole Barnes, of Stepstone, was the guest of her son the past week.

Mrs. Josie Shouse, of Young's Springs, visited Miss Crooks Bott last week.

J. P. Shackelford and wife, of Chestnut Grove, were guests of friends here Sunday.

Dow Richardson and wife, of Montgomery Co., visited the latter's sister, Mrs. H. W. McDermott, Saturday and Sunday.

### Knob Lick.

Fine weather for railroad-building Friday.

A good shower of rain here Friday.

People are getting on slowly gathering corn.

Rollie Smoot sold 8 shoats to Bob Wells at 3c per lb.

Henry L. Purvis is erecting a grist mill on J. M. Collier's place.

Dad Weatherow sold to Wm. Jackson a sow and 4 shoats for \$22.50.

Wm. Warren is not so well. Uncle Billy said he would not be able to go to the election.

Election talk still continues. From the way George and the people talk somebody is going to realize his mistake.

Contractors are dressing up their road sections; did not finish against the election, as expected.

### Sharpburg.

J. W. Elgin, of Flemingsburg, was here several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Peed visited relatives at Millersburg last Tuesday.

[Election items would have been out of date, so we left them out.—Ed.]

The friends of John H. Wren here are sorry to hear he is again in trouble at Channah.

Mrs. L. B. Chambers, of Nashville, Tenn., was here Thursday and Friday on a business trip.

Mrs. Richard Williams returned Saturday from a week's visit to friends and relatives in Fleming.

C. W. Frazer, wife and daughter, Miss Paul, of Plum Lick, Bourbon Co., were here Saturday night to hear Miss Ingels.

Mrs. C. N. Triplett, who went to Louisville last week to be treated by a specialist, is at the Norton Infirmary and is getting along nicely. She will be able to return in two weeks.

Mrs. Warren Ingels and daughter, Miss Margaret, of Paris, were the guests of Mrs. T. J. Allen Saturday and Sunday. Miss Ingels spoke on Saturday night at the Methodist Church to a good audience in the interest of Bryan and free silver.

### Coswell.

Corn-gathering is the order of the day.

Con Young, of White Sulphur, was here Saturday.

Hon. W. G. Ramsey spoke at Licking Union Oct. 30th.

Several from this part attended the barbecue at Morehead Saturday.

The woods are on fire in this part and giving the people trouble to save their fencing.

Ernest Johnson, Robert Nickel and Bob Myahier, of Lonesome, attended the speaking here Saturday.

Hon. Osmond Byron, of Owingsville, made a rattling sound-money speech at Licking Union Saturday to a good-sized crowd. Mr. Byron has few equals in Eastern Kentucky.

On Thursday—Once more the pale horse and his rider have swept in to our midst and took from us Mrs. Frankie Ellington. A vacant chair is left that never can be filled again. As a helpmate she always knew her duty, as a mother she was always ready to advise, as a neighbor she was always kind and affectionate, as a Christian she was always at her post. She was always ready to lend a helping hand to those in need. Mrs. Frankie Ellington was born in Morgan Co., Jan. 28, 1865, and departed this life Oct. 23, 1896. She was a daughter of John Martin and wife, and was married to Jas. T. Ellington April 9th, 1885. She united with the Christian Church under the preaching of Elder J. M. Downing, and died in that faith. We would say to her friends: Weep not for her, for we can not bring her back; but prepare to go to her where parting is no more, where God will wipe all tears from our eyes. Peace to her ashes. Why do we mourn departing friends, or shake at Death's alarm? 'Tis but the voice that is calling to call them to his.

### Upper Prickly Ash.

Miss Fenton Shroat spent Sunday with friends in Bethel.

Miss Kate Warner, of Bethel, is visiting Mrs. R. F. Shroat this week.

Miss Mary Reynolds, of Owingsville, visited friends in this neighborhood last week.

John and Almazia Stone visited friends on upper Salt Lick Sunday and attended church.

Lee Young and wife, of near Mt. Sterling, visited Charles Goodpastor and wife last week.

J. R. Clark, of Versailles, who had been visiting relatives here, returned home one day last week.

T. H. Hamilton, of near Mt. Sterling, visited his mother, Mrs. Frances Hamilton, Friday night.

Mrs. C. G. Goodpastor and Mrs. E. F. Tackett were guests of Mrs. S. A. Hamilton in Owingsville Saturday.

Lee Jones, of White Oak, was at R. F. Shroat's Monday and delivered 46 head of cattle for several farmers of the neighborhood.

Mrs. Helen Clark and daughter Ashley and Miss Galena Donaldson, of Flat Creek, were guests of Mrs. Fannie Hamilton one day last week.

J. P. Shackelford and wife, of Chestnut Grove, were guests of friends here Sunday.

Dow Richardson and wife, of Montgomery Co., visited the latter's sister, Mrs. H. W. McDermott, Saturday and Sunday.

### Squirrel Story.

Jeff Hardin, a farmer who lives on the River road opposite the Six-Mile Island, came to the city this morning with a wagon-load of squirrels, all of which he disposed of, and in consequence the squirrel market is glutted today. Mr. Hardin killed the entire lot in a few minutes, and with a big stick at that.

He said this morning that he had a six-acre field of corn on his farm, but that during the last few weeks the squirrels had come from the neighboring woods in great droves and had all but devastated his crop. He tried every means known to him to frighten or drive the frisky little pests away, but without avail, so he finally determined to turn his cornfield into a slaughter-house. Early this morning, before the sun had fairly gotten his sleepy face above the horizon, Mr. Hardin and his seventeen-year-old son armed themselves with sticks and moved off in the direction of the cornfield. The field is bounded on two sides by the river and on the other two by open fields. Mr. Hardin approached from one of the open sides, and his son from the other. At the sight of the farmers the squirrels leaped nimbly from the stalks and scurried off across the corn rows. Mr. Hardin and his son pursued and finally cornered them near the river. There the slaughter took place, and for a time the field ran rivers of blood, so Mr. Hardin says.

At any rate a wagon load of squirrels were killed by the two farmers, who say that nearly as many more dodged by them or jumped into the river and were drowned. The wagon contained exactly 703 of the little pests, so Mr. Hardin says, and he is responsible for the statement that there are thousands more in his neighborhood that he will bring in. The squirrels were offered for sale on the Haymarket early this morning.—Louisville Post.

### Queer Lake.

Berton W. Evermann, of the United States Fish Commission, has just returned from a visit to Crater Lake, in Oregon. Mr. Evermann left early in the spring for this unique body of water, for the purpose of determining whether or not trout will live in it. Crater Lake is regarded as the most wonderful lake in the United States. It is situated on the very summit of the Cascade range of mountains in Southern Oregon, and until recently it has been visited by comparatively few travelers. It was first discovered by white men in 1853, although the Indians had known of it for ages and used to regard it with superstitious dread. It was considered certain death for one of them to look upon it. The lake was carefully explored and surveyed by members of the Geological Survey. The highest point of the death range is a broad platform, surrounded by numerous volcanic cones. The largest of these cones rises 1,000 feet above the general level of the platform and contains an enormous depression about six miles in diameter, and over 3,000 feet deep. This depression is occupied by Crater Lake. The lake is over six miles long, four miles wide, and varies from 1,600 to 2,000 feet deep. Its walls rise almost perpendicularly, towering to a height of 8,000 feet above the sea. The lake is completely girdled by these cliffs, and it is only with the greatest difficulty that they can be descended and the water reached.

That the site of Crater Lake was once occupied by a large volcanic cone, of which the present rim around the lake is only a small remnant, is clearly shown by the fact that the several canyons about there extend clear through the rim. One of the most remarkable features about the lake is the color of the water. It is bluer than the deepest indigo. This intense ultramarine blue shades into delicate emerald and turquoise hues as the water grows shallower near the shore. The lake has neither inlet nor outlet so far as can be ascertained, but it is undoubtedly some subterranean mountain side.

ordinarily large springs which come out above the level of the water in the lakes, and hence cannot originate from the lake itself.

The investigations carried on by the Fish Commission representatives were sufficient to demonstrate that the lake contains a fairly abundant supply of fish food, which consists chiefly of the small crustaceans, insect larvae and one or two species of water snails.

These are all suitable food for any variety of trout that might be introduced into the lake, and the probabilities are that the commission will shortly make a plant of trout in this body of water. The lake now contains no fish whatever, but the water seems to be of such a character as would make it easy for them to live in it. The uniformly great depth of the water would, however, make it difficult for fish to find a suitable spawning ground, and that, perhaps, is one of the most serious difficulties the Fish Commission will encounter. The temperature of the water at the surface of the lake at noon in the middle of August was 61 degrees.

The work of the Fish Commission agents was done at the time of the visit to the lake of the Mazamas. The Mazamas are a society of sportsmen and hunters, and their headquarters are at Portland, Ore., whose purpose, similar in nature to the Alpine Club of England, is the exploration of the mountains of the Pacific Northwest, and the publishing of information concerning them. Each year some of the members of this club climb a high mountain peak, determine its height, study its various physical features and leave upon its summit a substantial box, in which is placed all the records which have been gathered by preceding visitors to the place. In this box is also put a full account of the Mazamas' investigation, as to the direction and strength of the wind, temperature of the air in the sun and in the shade, and the various readings of the barometer. This year the annual outing of the Mazamas was to Crater Lake, and a company of some 500 persons made the trip.—Ex.

An Emperor's Granddaughter. (London Dispatch to the New York Sun.)

A remarkable story was developed in the Police Court here Wednesday. There is every reason to believe that a woman named Pauline Fernandez is in reality the granddaughter of the late Emperor Maximilian, who was deposed and executed in Mexico. The woman is being tried on the charge of keeping an immoral house, but from the evidence it would seem that the prosecution is simply a part of persecution which has been in force against her ever since she was a child. This is the second time she has made her appearance in the Toledo courts. The first time she had been indicted by her husband and that he later attempted to poison her. Her second husband was William M. Diamond, who has recently fled to parts unknown.

In the present case Prosecutor O'Hara learned in some manner that the woman had confided to a friend that she was the granddaughter of Emperor Maximilian, and he put the question to her this afternoon. She showed great agitation, but evaded any direct answer. In a few minutes, however, she answered another question in such a manner as to prove that the Prosecutor had been rightly advised. Other questions brought out a remarkable story of attempted assassination and persecution. Born in Madrid, her father was killed in his home by political assassins. She herself was stabbed near the left eye at the same time, and was totally blind for some years. She was taken by her godparents to the west coast of Africa, and from there to Brazil. Subsequently she seems to have been carried over most of the civilized world.

In Olympia, Wash., she married Capt. Henry Barker, by whom she had six children—three pairs of twins. Two of these are in Cuba and three are in Madrid. She came to this city after having spent some time in Cuba, about the time her last children were born. The advent of some Spaniards to Toledo caused her to fly to the Sandwich Islands, from which place she returned. As home by political persecutions, she was divorced from Barker, and as he died soon after she married Diamond. She is now only twenty-three years old, and was married to her first husband at sixteen. She says that both husbands fled her of large sums of money and valuable diamonds.

(Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.) Philadelphia, Oct. 29.—If asked to name the thing I most dreaded when in the tropical forests and on the Savanna, I think I should be the centipede. Scorpions are horrible enough, some species of ants are extremely troublesome; various minute insects, like the "betz rouge" or red bug, the chigger or "jigger," and the "garrapata" or wood-tick, are things to be avoided; but the centipede is by far the worst of them all. It has not, as its name would indicate, a hundred feet, but it has between thirty and forty, each one poisonous. And, lo! the centipede gets on your skin, and he comes armed, no power on earth can remove it quickly enough to prevent it from digging its venomous claws into your flesh. It moves with the celerity of "greased lightning," and when seen running across an open floor appears like a brown streak.

There is one other object more horrible to contemplate, and that is the tarantula, which also moves with surprising quickness. It does not glide, however, like a thing of evil, as the centipede does; but it is a little more startling, and is more likely to be mistaken. I remember

well my first attempt to capture one in the beautiful botanical garden of Martineau, in the West Indies, which it missed only by a few inches. That was enough for me; I did not crave a live tarantula for my collection, though a moment later there was a dead spider in the path. Even in death it is an ugly-appearing thing, large and hairy, with legs that would stretch across a saucer.

On another occasion I saw a tarantula on the wall of a hut, by the corner, right over the doorway through which the occupants of the hut, a black woman and her children, were constantly passing. I called their attention to the creature, but they merely glanced at it carelessly and allowed it to retreat into the thicket of the roof.

There is, however, one spider larger than the common tarantula, which is abundant enough to be an object of dread to the natives of Guiana. This is the great Bird Spider, the "Mygale avicularia," which catches and kills not only birds, but lizards, and small reptiles, and even young chickens. It builds its nests in the trees and thistles in wait, just as the house spider does for flies, leaping upon its victims like a tiger. It is, in fact, the tiger of the tribe, and is justly feared by both birds and human beings.

In my excursions into the woods, I used to pass an old tree, the trunk of which was slightly hollowed. Beneath the overhanging bark above the hollow, a family of birds had affixed themselves, six of them, hanging by their toes, and looking downward. They always clung to the form of a triangle, the apex of which was toward the hollow. One day I missed the lowermost one, but the next day, his place had been supplied. The day following he too was gone; and when I inquired of my negro guide the reason and manner of his taking off, he informed me that probably a bird spider had captured him.

At another time I was hunting along shore for small birds, among the seagrass, the hanging racemes of creamy white flowers attracting birds and insects, owing to the honey which they contained. The first bird I shot was a black and yellow "Sugar-cater," so called from its liking for sugar and all sweet things; a frequent visitor to the sugar plantations during the boiling season. As I fired, I saw a small cluster of vine-grapes; another bird attracted my attention just then, and first noting the location of the one I had shot I went in pursuit of the second. I soon returned, but could not find my bird, though I knew he was somewhere near. As I was peering through the leaves, however, a slight rustling drew my attention to a very comical sight. It was a large lizard, which, with one foot planted on the bird I had shot, was intently watching me with his diamond-bright eyes. He had stripped off some of the feathers from the dead bird, which he was hastily devouring, having first drawn it some distance from the spot where it had fallen. A tuft of yellow feathers stuck to his nose, and as I saw he was endeavoring to scratch off with the claws of his right forefoot, at the same time eyeing me very suspiciously. First he would take a dig at his nose, then cock his head over to one side with a malicious gleam in his eyes, as if to ask what I was going to do about it. The whole proceeding seemed to me so entertaining that, as there were no sugar-cater, I was ready to leave Mr. Lizard in possession and go off in search of another bird.

But suddenly, just as I was turning away, a black, hairy object fell upon the lizard; there was a short, sharp struggle, and my predatory friend was still in death.

I was much disgusted at the termination of the adventure. I might easily have killed the spider (for such it was), but I did not; I left him to enjoy his double dinner of bird and lizard.

It was indeed a revolting spectacle to see this horrible thing descend upon its victim. Its bite, or sting, is said to be extremely poisonous, and I concluded this must be so from the expeditious manner in which it had dispatched the lizard. This unlucky little reptile, itself as long as its prey, the incident made me extremely nervous. The hideous looking but harmless iguana has a habit of darting nimbly through and over dead leaves on the ground; and for a long time at every rush I would leap hastily aside, under the impression that it was one of these huge and venomous spiders.

Bill Vischer's Fun.

Now and then during the stump-speaking seasons I try to do a little something toward saving the country, myself. The result has been that the country has been safe ever since I began to tell audiences of my fellow citizens what they ought to do. Not that I have always been exactly as I desired, but they have come close enough to it to save the country, and I am satisfied—even gratified.

Somehow I have nearly always been on the winning side, and that certainly ought to be evidence of good judgment, for I make something more than just common rabbit-foot luck to go on the right side long before I begin to election to make speeches for the winning party. Still I don't remember to have ever secured anything from it, barring a little glory and glory and a military staff. Several Governors that I have helped to

elect—or thought I did—have given me appointments on their military staffs, but in those positions I have not found either fame or emolument. Occasionally, however, I have had a back seat in a procession box at the theater, or other gatherings where the Governor and his staff had been invited to review whatever happened to be the show. Frequently the show was an artesian bore, but the company—I refer to the Governor and his staff—was generally good. That uniforms with all the gilt trappings and the etceteras that followed were often seriously expensive is another matter, but one should not always expect fame and emolument for doing his plain, patriotic duty.

When I was a lad, before the civil war, I used to take the prizes at school for declamation, and I had collected friends to think that I would be a great orator. I have since learned that to make a speech on "the political issues of the day" one must know something else besides memorizing addresses from Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Patrick Henry, et al. If one continues to deliver other men's speeches he is likely to run against a deadly parallel; sometimes, if he is not a sufficient consequence to be paralleled.

Besides, in these days, there are frequently persons in the audience who will "speak out in meetin'" and ask questions that Webster, Clay, Henry and others had not taken up. I met a man like that up in Michigan a short time ago while "instructing the dear people" from my standpoint, and he would have driven me crazy or out the window if I had not been forewarned of him and had not secured a few pertinent points in his private history that I could—and did—throw at him with silencing effect.

In the early days alluded to I was once started out to make speeches in a county political campaign by some mistaken gentlemen who were overconfident of my declamatory powers. They wrote a speech for me, and I got by head so thoroughly that I could almost repeat it backward. Once, however, in an unguarded moment, I consented to "divide time" at a country school-house meeting with a valuable "Squire" of that ilk. The "Squire" was versed in neighborhood politics and scandals, and he used me up to such an extent that I ran away and went to bed. I have since learned exactly how a country election went, more for the reason that I never cared to know than any other. But the county is safe. It is still on the map, though it has been considerably cut up, and several other counties have been taken from it. This shows that the county could stand a great deal.

Later on in life, when I had learned more, and yet I didn't know much, I was asked to divide time at the time of the county campaign, I took to making political speeches in Colorado for a while. Cleveland when he ran against Mr. Blaine. The State went for Mr. Blaine all right by a much larger majority than it had been in the habit of giving his party, but I hope I am not betraying a confidence in saying that the honorable Charles Thomas, Thomas Patterson, Governor Grant, and other distinguished local orators were also stumping the State at the same time. Still, this is not said in self-defense. Mr. Cleveland, though elected—elsewhere—refused to give me an office, and I am glad of it now for several reasons, chief among which are that I might have become a confirmed office-seeker, and possibly a confirmed Democrat.

During the last eight years, until this one, I had a habit of making alleged political stump speeches in the State of Washington, and men used to come twelve and fifteen miles, over all sorts of roads, to hear me, principally for my recreation, as I have since learned, that I became "nattered about" that I had very little to say on political subjects. I had a faculty, however, for telling good and new stories that could be fitted to anything with a little ingenuity.

On one occasion I told a story in a speech up in a mining camp in the Cascade mountains that nearly cost me my life. I told how many a man was turning a peanut roaster in a Kentucky city. The stranger stopped and watched the peanut roaster for some time and then started away, remarking, somewhat indignantly: "Blas't you! I thought you wuz gwine to play somethin'!"

I had mistaken the peanut roaster for a hand-organ. A son of the man on whom that story was first told happened to be in my mining camp audience. He had fled to the wilds of the far West to avoid hearing that thing again, so, naturally enough, he took umbrage at it, and wanted to do me bodily harm, but as he was a strong paragon and was on the opposite side, under the impression that it was one of these huge and venomous spiders.

After the election, when I had business at that mining camp, I went armed like a brigand, for my side actually won again. Governor McGraw, the present gubernatorial incumbent out there, was elected, and I am still on his military staff, unless I have been mustered out of service without being consulted, or even advised. I have not seen the Governor for nearly two years, but I am confident that the State is safe. Some say it is safe for silver, and some say it is safe for gold. At any rate, it is safe.

In the present campaign I have been briefly to Michigan to do some spell-binding. But I think Michigan is safe without me. That's one of the reasons why I came back—there were other reasons, but we will let them pass. At the first place where I arrived in Michigan there was no brass band to meet me, and the people on the platform at the railway station didn't seem

to care whether I was there or not. In fact, they seemed to be looking for somebody else. One man whom I was looking for somebody that, apparently, he didn't know. Finally he looked at me.

"Be you the speaker?" he asked. I said, "I be."

"I mistrusted as much," he continued. "Clam into to the waggin, there, and I'll draw you up to the tavern."

"I mistrusted" in, and he drew me up. Also he drew me out. He was a comical man, but I didn't feel as pleasant toward him as I probably should, for I didn't like that word "mistrusted," even if it was a localism. It turned out that he used the word advisedly.

I have always mentioned the fact that my stay in Michigan was brief. I met two other spellbinders of our side up there. One was a really brilliant and modest man. The other a good fellow with more gall than gray matter. The brilliant man was little mentioned and his opportunities were not near so desirable as those of the other fellow. I was inquisitive about it, and the other fellow told me how he worked it.

"Don't give it away," he said, and I never did. He came back now and it makes no difference if I tell you confidentially.

"I make myself solid with the comitteesmen," he continued. "There are ways to do it, you know. A familiar slap on the shoulder, a pocketful of good cigars, some funny stories, on the side, other things which we won't mention—this wink will do—when you are in the meeting is closing, I work in three cheers and a 'Vigil' for the head of the ticket, and I see that the Chairman works in three cheers and the trimmings for the speaker. This looks well in the town paper and is good to clip out and send to headquarters and elsewhere. Then I get the comitteesmen in that town to write a letter to the County Chairman, telling what a spellbinder I am, what an orator, and how I got by head how I enthralled the audience and how many votes I probably changed, and I get a copy of that letter which goes to headquarters. There are no lies on me, and I'm as solid as a cannonball. The man who don't do that lacks system. See?"

I did see, but my modest friend lacked system. So did I.

But the story-telling stump-speaker is liable to meet with some disappointment at times. That is, he may run up against the wrong stump. Occasionally he strikes an audience that prefers figures on the tariff, and all that, in place of figures of speech. For such he should be well-supplied with a wealth of interesting statistics. If he doesn't know what the market prices of the staples of the country audience are, he had better look up some statistics in 1892 and other previous records, and what they are now, he is in a bad way for stump speaking. Hence, great research in those lines is necessary before venturing from the city into the farming districts. As I cannot remember a number long enough to successfully turn from the telephone directory to the almanac, I shall hereafter confine my stump-speaking tours to the urban districts, where people do not care so much to know what the price of wheat was in 1879 as they do about what the price of rolls is this morning. And where the price is coming from.

I have found that a city audience generally likes a good story. The telephone directory is frequently taken time to think whether it likes the story or not. And the speaker sometimes fails to obtain the decision before it is time to go to the next stand.

I made a speech in the Chicago Twelfth ward one Saturday night not long ago, and told a story at the start, which was received with such applause that I was obliged to wait for the applause to subside the audience looked as if it was waiting for me to subside.

I think I have said before that my stay in Michigan was brief, but the State is safe. I heard that from both sides while I was there, and have heard it since. The preponderance of evidence, therefore